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APR. 4

BLAZING GUNS AND REDSKINS

DEATH
VALLEY

DEATH VALLEY

ROARING TALES
OF TWO-GUN MEN
AND OUTLAWS!

10¢

HEMP
NECKTIE
BLAMELESS
KILLER

BOON
HECK

GAIN MORE WEIGHT IN 10 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!



SKINNY

MEN ARE OFTEN ASHAMED TO STRIP FOR SPORTS OR FOR A SWIM!

GIRLS ARE NOT ALLURING AND DON'T HAVE EYE-CATCHING CURVES!

CHILDREN WHO WON'T EAT AND ARE UNDER-WEIGHT, OFTEN CALLED SKINNY!

Now at last More-Wate plan that puts firm, attractive pounds and inches on your body, chest, arms and legs.

No Skinny Scare-Crow for me!



Amazing New Way developed by modern medical science to put on weight on lean bodies. Guaranteed to give you up to an extra pound a day! Or your money back! Why should you dread going to parties and socials, simply because you look scrawny and spindly? Why ever feel self-conscious about your body again? If you're under-weight* . . . or just a little on the thin side, due to faulty appetite, or bad dietary habits, you can put on up to a pound a day of attractive weight without exercise . . . dangerous drugs . . . or special diet . . . and more quickly, more easily than you ever dreamed possible . . . with MORE-WATE. MORE-WATE contains no

dangerous drugs . . . you eat it like candy! Yet . . . if you were to have this same prescription compounded to your order, it would cost you many times more. However, through this introductory offer, you can obtain 4-way MORE-WATE tablets . . . a full 10 days' supply . . . for just \$1.00 or a 30 day supply for only \$2.98, plus a 10 day supply free, with an absolute money-back guarantee! Yes, try MORE-WATE for TEN DAYS . . . and if not entirely delighted with weight gained, return the unused supply for full refund! You've nothing to lose . . . and weight to gain! Act now! Stop being the guy or the gal that everyone calls "skinny." Stop being the guy or the gal who dreads

Not one child yet has failed to go for and ask for more MORE-WATE tablets! Stop worrying about children not eating enough, give them MORE-WATE tablets—it stimulates their appetite . . . they eat it like candy!

summer and going to parties and socials because it means everyone will enjoy themselves and you won't. Don't be a wall-flower, because you have a figure like a broomstick! Gain more weight!

10-DAY
SUPPLY \$1.
ONLY

The 4-way MORE-WATE tablets are unconditionally guaranteed to put on weight . . . or it doesn't cost you a penny! MORE-WATE is a delicious, full strength, 4-way tablet . . . that combines not just one . . . or two . . . but 4 of the most amazing aids for gaining weight known to medical science. MORE-WATE is not a liquid . . . not a powder. It's delicious, pleasant-tasting tablet! It contains vitamin B-12 . . . the amazing red vitamin doctors give many underweight patients in hospitals . . . It contains Iron that helps correct iron deficiency, anemia and builds rich, red blood. It contains appetite-building vitamin B-1 . . . and it contains nutritious easily assimilated malt, the amazing ingredient that helps your body turn much of the food you eat into well rounded flesh instead of being wasted. That's the secret of putting on weight. Now you can help your food to add new pounds to your arms, chest, hips, thighs, and legs. Now you don't have to be skinny . . . or afraid to be seen socially and be ashamed of your figure! You must achieve the figure you want . . . or don't pay anything. Act now!

We don't want SKINNY on our team!



SENSATIONAL 10-DAY TEST!

Mail the coupon now! Test the amazing MORE-WATE tablet plan for 10 days at our expense. If after 10 days your friends, your mirror and your scale do not tell you that you have gained weight and look better you pay nothing!

MAIL THIS NO RISK TRIAL COUPON NOW!

MORE-WATE CO., Dept. 197,
318 Market Street, Newark, N. J.

Just mail us your name and address, and \$1.00 cash, check or money order. You will receive a 10 day supply of MORE-WATE tablets and plan, postage prepaid.

☐ Send me 30 day supply plus an extra 10 day supply (that's a 40 day supply) for \$2.98. I understand that if I am not delighted with MORE-WATE tablets and plan, I can return the 30 day supply in 10 days for full purchase price refund, and keep the 10 day supply without charge.

NAME..... ADDRESS.....
CITY..... STATE.....

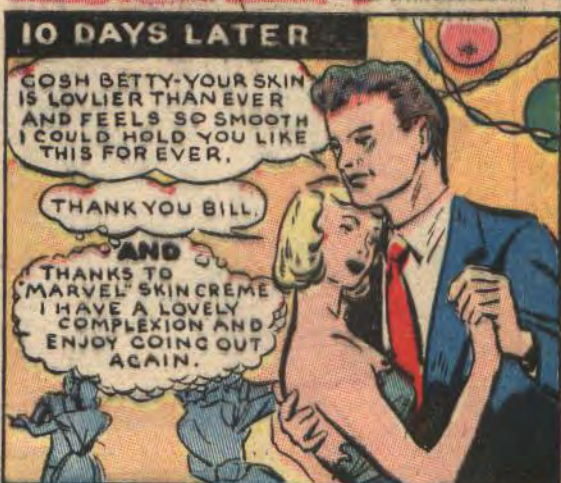
SENT ON APPROVAL—MAKE AMAZING 10-DAY TEST

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RIGHT IN THE FACE OF
THE MOST DAMAGING
EVIDENCE, BILL BENSON
WOULD SPRING A PER-
FECT ALIBI, UNTIL MEN
BEGAN CALLING HIM A..

BLAMELESS KILLER





MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

If "MARVEL" SKIN CREME doesn't improve your complexion as it has for others, and if you are not delighted with the results, return the jar to **Marvel Drug Co., Box 302A, Toronto, Ontario**, and your money will be refunded at once.



**SIMPLE DIRECTIONS!
AMAZING RESULTS!**

AVOID FURTHER EMBARRASSMENT!

"MARVEL" SKIN CREME will help rid your complexion of PIMPLES, FRECKLES and other blemishes that spoil you from having normal delightful skin.

For Quick Results Mail Coupon To-day!

**MARVEL DRUG COMPANY
ROOM 2106
500 5th AVE
NEW YORK 36, N.Y.**

Enclosed please find \$1.00 (cash, money order, or postal note). Send me at once your famous "MARVEL" SKIN CREME, post paid.

☐ If C.O.D., postage will be extra.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

THE NEXT DAY...

YUH SAY JIM
RECOGNIZED HIS
KILLER, MRS.
HAGER!

YES, WHEN HE PULLED
DOWN THE MASK BEFORE
HE DIED. I DIDN'T, BUT I
SAW HIS FACE, AND I'D
RECOGNIZE THAT, IF I
SAW IT AGAIN,
SHERIFF CALDWELL!



"WELL, WELL
LOOK ABOUT,"
SAID THE
SHERIFF.
THEY WENT
FROM ONE
SALOON TO
ANOTHER
ALONG THE
STREET. IN
ALL THERE
WERE SEVEN.
AND IN THE
VERY LAST
ONE THEY
VISITED...

THERE HE IS,
SHERIFF! THERE!
THE MURDERER
OF MY JIM!

BILL BENSON, EH!
ALL RIGHT, COME
ON, MRS. HAGER!



OF COURSE, I'LL
COME, SHERIFF.
BUT CAN YOU
TELL ME WHAT
THIS IS ALL
ABOUT?

YEAH, ABOUT HOLDUP
AND MURDER, AROUND
NINE LAST NIGHT AT
THE HAGER RANCH!

HE'S THE ONE,
ALL RIGHT!
I'D RECOGNIZE
HIM ANYWHERE!



BUT SHERIFF, BILL WAS
PLAYIN' CARDS HERE
FROM EIGHT TILL AFTER
TWO, WITH JUDGE PEABODY
AND HOWARD WEBB, AND
SOME OTHERS...



THAT'S RIGHT, SHERIFF.
HE CLEANED OUT BOTH
THE JUDGE AND ME
AFORE WE QUIT!



IN THE FACE OF REPUTABLE TESTIMONY, SHERIFF CALDWELL
CONVINCED MRS. HAGER THAT SHE MUST HAVE BEEN MIS-
TAKEN ABOUT BILL. BUT... IN THE NEXT SIX MONTHS...

THE BANK WAS ROBBED...
WITH TWO KILLED.



THE CROSS COUNTY
STAGE WAS ROBBED,
DURING WHICH THE
GUARD WAS SLAIN...

IN EACH CASE, WITNESSES
POINTED THE FINGER OF
GUILT AT BILL BENSON!!!



AND EACH TIME SUBSTANTIAL
CITIZENS WOULD SNEER THAT!!!



UNTIL IN EXASPERATION, THE
SHERIFF ANGRILY EXCLAIMED!!!



HAD THEY KNOWN WHAT
WAS HAPPENING ON A
CERTAIN NIGHT AFTER
THE LAST CRIME, IN A
ROOM IN A TOWN ONE
HUNDRED MILES AWAY,
THERE WOULD HAVE
BEEN NO MYSTERY!!!



LATER, RIGHT NOW I'M
DUE AT A BARN DANCE-
SOCIAL THAT MEANS YOU'LL
HAVE TO WAIT HERE IN THE
DARK UNTIL I GET BACK.
WOULDN'T DO FOR TWO
HANK BENSON'S TO BE
ROAMIN' ABOUT TOWN!



A HALF HOUR LATER!!!





A FEW WEEKS LATER AT THE GENERAL STORE, BILL BENSON PERFORMED HIS PART OF A CRUEL ROBBERY...



THUS
ANOTHER
VICTORY
WAS
CHALKED
UP FOR
THE
BENSONS...



BILL BENSON RETURNED HOME AND
CONTINUED THE GENERALLY PEACEFUL
PURSUIT OF GAMBLING...



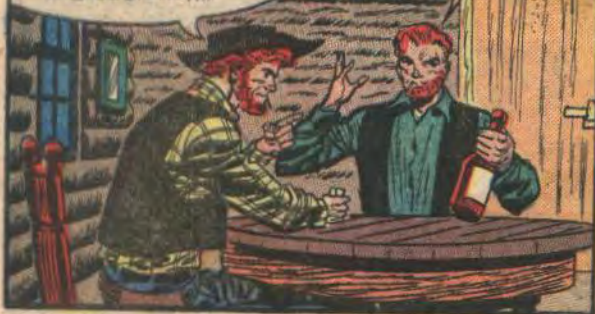
WHILE HANK REMAINED AND PURSUED
PRUDENCE LAWLOR...



BUT IN TIME BOTH GAMBLERS AND LOVERS ARE
WANT TO RUN OUT OF MONEY. ONE NIGHT THREE
MONTHS LATER, IN THE HILLS NEAR HANK'S HOME...

THERE'S A BIG GOLD SHIPMENT
COMING THROUGH THIS WAY
ONE WEEK FROM TONIGHT,
HANK. OIL UP YOUR GUNS.
YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IT,
BECAUSE YOU KNOW
THE COUNTRY...

BY THUNDER, BILL,
I CAN'T! A WEEK
FROM TONIGHT
IS PRUDENCE'S
BIRTHDAY!



NO, "TWOULDN'T DO TO
FORGET THAT," BUT LOOK,
HANK! SUPPOSE I TOOK
PRUDENCE HER GIFT
AND SPENT THE TIME
WITH HER?

HMMMM. MIGHT
WORK AT THAT!
I'D BETTER GO
OVER, WITH YOU,
THE THINGS WE'VE
BEEN TALKING
ABOUT... THE
PLACES WE'VE
BEEN!



ON THE APPOINTED NIGHT, BILL BENSON CALLED
ON PRUDENCE IN PLACE OF HANK...

AND NOW, DARLING,
MAY I HAVE A KISS
FOR YOUR
BIRTHDAY?

I... I'M SORRY, HANK, BUT...
I'D RATHER NOT... OH, I'M
NOT BEING PRUDE, HANK
...AND I CAN'T ACCEPT
THIS BRACELET...



OH, HANK... PLEASE
DON'T BE ANGRY!
TRY TO UNDERSTAND!

DON'T EXPLAIN, YOU KNOW
HOW I FEEL ABOUT YOU...
I'LL KEEP HOPING YOU'LL
CHANGE YOUR MIND!



MEANWHILE... ON THE ROAD NORTH OF TOWN...



PULL UP, DRIVER!
DON'T TRY TO GET
AWAY! YOU WON'T
NOT IN THIS
MOONLIGHT!



NOT THIS
TIME,
BENSON!

WHY,
YOU!!

SUDDENLY THE MOUNTAINSIDE BECAME
ALIVE WITH GUNFIRE!!!



THE DIRTY RATTLES!
A TRICK! I'D BETTER
GET OUT OF
HERE!

THE NEXT DAY AT THE
MARSHAL'S OFFICE.



WHY, MISS
PRUDENCE!

I'D LIKE A
WORD WITH
YOU,
MARSHALL!



MARSHALL PETRIE, HANK
BENSON WILL DOUBTLESS
SAY THAT HE WAS WITH
ME, WHEN YOU PICK HIM
UP. BUT I'M SURE HE
WAS NOT! I BELIEVE
THERE ARE TWO MEN
WHO LOOK ALIKE...

BY
THUNDER,
THAT
WOULD
SOLVE A
LOT OF
PUZZLING
QUESTIONS!

MARSHAL PETRIE ROSE AND
HURRIED FROM THE OFFICE
TO ROUND UP HIS DEPUTIES.
AS HE LEFT...



OH!!
+ SOB!!
OH!!

INSTEAD OF ARRESTING HANK BENSON ON SUSPICION, MARSHAL PETRIE KEPT WATCH OF THE HOUSE WHERE HANK LIVED. THAT NIGHT...

QUIET! THERE HE IS! HE'S GOING INTO THE HOUSE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER

LET'S GO BOYS!

IT'S ALL UP FOR YOU TWO! REACH!

WHA..



THEY'LL NEVER TAKE US!!

GET 'EM HANK!



A WEEK LATER SHERIFF DAN CALDWELL STOPPED BY TO CONGRATULATE PETRIE...

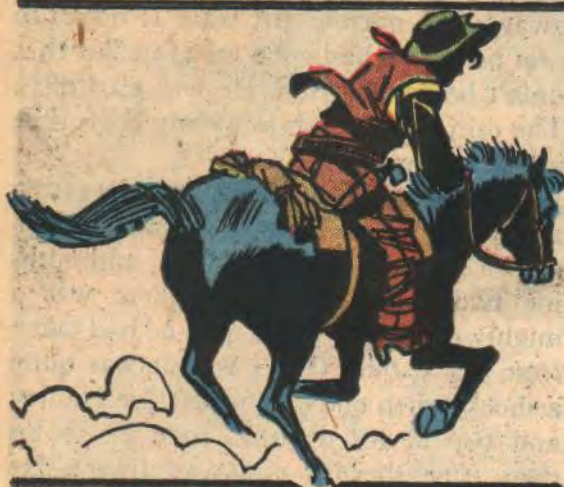
CLEVER OF THAT GAL, SEEING THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE TWO MEN. SUPPOSE A WOMEN WOULD...

MISS PRUDENCE'S AUNT DIDN'T DAN. SHE LET BILL BENSON IN AND TALKED A SPELL WITH HIM. BUT THEN, MISS PRUDENCE IS DIFFERENT THAN MOST. MORE SENSITIVE, I GUESS. YUH, SEE, SHE'S STONE BLIND!



THE END

BLACK STALLION



To the south, east and north of the mesa stretched the great desert for many miles. There lay the grayish choking alkali dust. There, also, lay the bleached bones of many men. The bones were not always there. There had lain no bones near the mesa when Red Feather was twelve.

To the west of the mesa a broad green valley trailed a long winding way between the mountains and the waters from the mountain streams kept the valley green. There lived the fierce tribe of Chief Storm Cloud who was the father of Red Feather. There also lived the wild horses, whose chief was the huge black stallion. The wild horses and the tribe of Storm Cloud lived together in peace and understood one another.

Red Feather particularly understood the horses, and more than anyone of the tribe Red Feather understood the black stallion. The boy often lay on his belly atop the mesa, lay as quiet as the night, until he heard the neighing of the great black beast. Then Red Feather would wave and the black stallion would come in great leaps of his massive limbs, until he stood at the edge of the green valley below the mesa.

Not even the elders of the tribe could talk with the black stallion, but Red Feather could. He would say, "I am the son of the greatest of all chieftains, and one day I shall rule my people as wisely as he does."

The nostrils of the big black would widen,

and his limbs would tremble. "I lead the greatest herd of all," the black stallion would say. "And my line will go on and on forever. My people and yours will always be free."

The first trouble came when men with pale faces, who wore strange clothes, arrived. They carried sticks that smoked and could kill at long distances. The pale men dug in the mountains for yellow metal, and muddied the streams, and trampled the valley. It was then that Storm Cloud warned them that they must go.

The white men talked among themselves. They did not want to go. They did not intend to go. They would find a way to force Storm Cloud to obey them. One day, when Red Feather was on the mesa, many of them swooped down upon him and bore him away. The pale men traveled a great distance, but through the night came the sound of many drums to Red Feather's ears. "If your father does not let us take the gold, we will kill you," the pale men said. "Then kill me," Red Feather replied proudly, "for my father will not allow you in the mountains." And even though neither could speak the other's language, both white man and Indian knew by the cold feeling of hatred what was in each other's mind.

The white man sent an emissary to Storm Cloud. He did not return. "Tomorrow you die," the pale ones said. That night Red Feather lay tied to a tree. He could not sleep, because he was thinking of the dreams he had dreamed, and the boasts he had made to the big black stallion. Now he would never become a great chief. Then through the silence of the night he heard a neighing and he knew it was the black stallion. The great beast roared in upon the camp, trampling many pale ones in their sleep. His huge teeth severed the ropes that bound Red Feather.

With a cry of joy Red Feather sprang upon the huge steed's back. The camp roared with activity, as pale men with burning sticks came following, crying their anger. And the big black stallion held back his swift speed, so that the pale ones might not lose him, until at last they came to the mesa.

Red Feather grew to manhood and, like his father, became a great chieftain, who kept the valley free for his tribe and the tribe of the black stallion. And this is the story about the bleached bones near the mesa, the story that Red Feather told his son, Little Mountain, who one day would lead the tribe of the valley.

KILLER'S TRAIL

When Black Clayton shot and killed old Mike Rowan, he had two objectives in view. One was to rob the old prospector of his hoard of gold, and the other was to get even with Owen Judson, who had double-crossed Clayton back in New Mexico, by disappearing with the entire proceeds of a stage holdup, in which Black Clayton had been a partner.

Clayton merely blasted the old man in the chest when old Mike opened his cabin door. He watched Rowan fall and writhe in his own blood and lie still. After that Clayton dragged the old prospector to the dirty window, making sure enough blood spattered the floor to make a trail. Then Clayton printed the words, OWN JUDSON, in clumsy letters on the glass. He wiped the window's dirt from his own index finger on Mike Rowan's, and left the body lying there on the floor.

It wasn't much of a job to find Mike Rowan's gold. He kept it stored in sacks beneath the floor boards of his cabin. Black Clayton's eyes glistened as he felt their weight and thought of the glittering yellow metal. Then Clayton set the boards back in the floor and placed the sacks of gold on top of it. He began to prowls about. Maybe there was something else about that he could make use of. After all Mike Rowan wouldn't be needing anything any more, and if there was food, it might save him from needing to go into town for supplies for a spell after his own stocks ran out.

Black Clayton didn't find much: a slab of bacon, a plug of chewing tobacco, and a small sack of corn. He kept the bacon, shoved the tobacco into his jeans and turned away. But even though he had no intention to plant a corn patch, like old Mike did every year, it galled him to leave something for another man to use . . . perhaps. So Clayton threw the sack of corn over his shoulder, too. Then, gathering

all the loot together, he made his way outside, fastened it to his horse's saddle, and set out for his cabin, about four miles away, up a narrow dirt trail. It began to rain before he had gone very far. But that didn't bother Clayton. He was glad of it. The rain would wash away any hoofprints in the soft earth.

Black Clayton had all but forgotten about old Mike Rowan. It had been a month since he had killed him, and nothing had come of it. And there was a mighty nice profit in the gold he had taken from the cabin. That's why it was quite a shock, when one day Sheriff Joe Hanlon and two of his deputies rode up to his door. The sheriff's gun was drawn. He didn't look friendly.

"What fer?" Clayton asked, raising his hands.

"For the murder of old Mike Rowan," the sheriff answered. "'Twas written plain on the cabin window glass that yuh done it!"

"Yo're plumb loco!" Clayton exclaimed. "It said Owen Judson done it!" There was a faint glitter of steel-gray humor in the sheriff's eyes. Clayton realized he had given himself away. He swore and reached for his hardware and the sheriff fired, caught Clayton in the shoulder.

"Yep," the sheriff said. "The words, OWN JUDSON, was on the glass, all right. But Mike didn't put 'em there. Mike couldn't read or write."

"Then how come yuh accuse me?" demanded Clayton.

"Yuh left a trail," said Hanlon. "Yuh wasn't satisfied tuh steal old Mike's gold; yuh had tuh take a sack of corn out of the cabin, too. A sack that had a hole in the bottom. What with the heavy rains of late, them corn kernels sprouted an' grew intuh the neatest fresh green trail yuh ever saw. Right from his cabin tuh yourn!"

THE KID JUST WANDERED INTO CAMP, AND HE MADE A HIT WITH EVERYONE. NO ONE SUSPECTED THAT HIS SKINNY LITTLE NECK WOULD BE JUST THE RIGHT SIZE FOR A...

HEMP NECKTIE

SNEAKIN' LITTLE COYOTE. LEMME HAVE THAT THAR NOOSE!



WELL, WHAT IS IT? WHAT YUH DOIN' THERE?

VITUALLAS... MUCHO HUNGRY!

EAGIN WAS WORKING HIS CLAIM AT YELLOW STREAM, WHEN THE BOY SHOWED UP AS IF FROM NOWHERE.

GIT OUTA HERE, GO WORK FOR YOUR GRUB LIKE THE REST OF US DOES!

EH? WORK! SI, SEÑOR! JUANITO WORK!



EVEN AS MIKE FAGIN GROWLED, AT HIM, JUANITO PICKED UP TWO EMPTY BUCKETS AND HEADED FOR THE LAKE...



HEY, YUH'RE ALL RIGHT AT THAT, KID! WANT TUH LUG WATER, I'LL FEED YUH. SHORE, WHY NOT?



LATER...
ORO...
MUCHO
ORO
"GOLD!"

SHORE IT'S GOLD! WHAT YUH THINK IT IS, EH? NOW GET MOVIN, JUANITO "ER WHATEVER YORE NAME IS!"

FAGIN'S CLAIM WAS WEARING OUT, BUT THAT DAY, WITH JUANITO'S HELP, FAGIN AGAIN MADE A RECORD HAUL!!!



SEÑOR IS PLEASED? YES!

YUH'LL DO IT, KID. WHEN YUH FINISH UP, GRAB A BUCKET... GOT SOME MORE WORK FOR YUH.

IT WAS THE CUSTOM AT THE CAMP TO WORK UNTIL DARK, SO THAT THE LAST WASHING OF THE DAY WAS LEFT IN THE SLUICES!!!



THE REST KIN LEAVE THEIRS OUT. NOT ME, KID. EVERY NIGHT YUH'LL COME OUT HERE AND GATHER UP LIKE THIS!

SI, SEÑOR!



THE WEEKS PASSED. FAGIN FOUND JUANITO MORE AND MORE USEFUL. HE WORKED THE BOY FROM DAWN TO DUSK!!!



BUT THERE CAME A TIME...

LOOKIT THAT! AIN'T HARDLY NONE, THAT HAUL!

KID YUH LOOK PLUMB TUCKERED OUT TUHNIGHT, I'LL PICK UP WHAT'S LEFT IN THE SLUICE!

NO, NO, SEÑOR!

THAT NIGHT...

BUT FAGIN INSISTED... BUT WHEN HE LEFT THE TENT HE WENT IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION...

RECKON I'LL DO OKAY... IF I'M LUCKY!



HE RETURNED IN A HALF HOUR, AND HIS BUCKET WAS FILLED...

HERE, KID, GIT A SACK OUTTA THE CORNER OVER THERE!

SI, SI MUCHO ORO, EH?



NOW LOOK, JUANITO, YUH THINK YUH KIN KEEP THIS GOLD SAFE? THINK YUH KIN HIDE IT NEAR YORE BLANKET, WHERE NO ONE'LL FIND IT?

OH, SI, SI! WEEL KEEP SAFE, THE ORO!



THE FOLLOWING DAY...

SOMETHING'S PLENTY WRONG, FRED. REMEMBER THOSE GOLD ROCKS WE LEFT IN THE SLUICE LAST NIGHT?!

YOU'RE RIGHT. WE BETTER ASK THE OTHERS!

THE MINERS "INCLUDING FAGIN" AGREED THAT SOME ONE HAD BEEN TAMPERING WITH THE SLUICES. BUT NOT MUCH WAS SAID, AND THE MATTER RESTED THUS FOR A WEEK. THEN ONE NIGHT...



SO IT'S YOU, YUH LOUSY THIEF! GET 'EM HIGH, FAGIN!



TOO BLAMED BAD FER YOU, THAT YUH FOUND OUT!

WHY, YUH... ARGH-H-H!



FAGIN ESCAPED INTO THE BLACKNESS BEFORE THE SLEEPING CAMP WAS IN ACTION...

IT'S JOE ABBOTT. HE MUST OF GOT THE THIEF COLD TUH RIGHTS!

HE SHOULD-A SHOT FIRST AND TALKED AFTERWARD. HE'D BE ALIVE NOW, SO'S HE COULD TELL US WHO DONE IT!



FAGIN WIPED HIS KNIFE CLEAN AND RETURNED TO THE SCENE OF THE MURDER. HE ARRIVED IN TIME TO HEAR FRED BIRCH SAYING...

YOU SAY HE'D TELL **WHO** THE THIEF IS. DO YOU THINK IT'S ONE OF US?

WHAT DO YOU THINK? WE GOT A ROTTEN, MURDERING SKUNK AMONG US! THAT'S **MY** OPINION!



FAGIN GOT BACK TO HIS TENT AS SOON AS HE COULD. HE CREPT INTO HIS BLANKETS AND PULLED THEM OVER HIS HEAD. BUT HE COULDN'T SHUT OUT THE COLD, OR **WAS** IT COLD THAT MADE HIM TREMBLE?



THE NEXT DAY FAGIN GOT VERY LITTLE WORK DONE. TOO MANY THOUGHTS TERRIFIED HIM, THAT NIGHT...

NOW LOOK, JUANITO. TONIGHT YUH BETTER PICK UP THE ORO, SEE? OH, I AIN'T GOT ANY IN **MY** SLUICE, BUT I TOLD THE **OTHERS** YUH'D PICK UP THEIRS FER 'EM! UNDER-
STAND?

OH, SI, SI! JUANITO DO PRONTO!



A SHORT TIME LATER AT THE CAMP OF BIRCH AND WAYNE...

LOOK OFF THERE AT OUR SLUICE, BILL! DO YOU SEE WHAT I DO?

WELL, I'LL BE! LET'S GO... AND REMEMBER THAT HOMBRE'S HANDY WITH A KNIFE!



THE TWO MINERS WORKED THEIR WAY CAUTIOUSLY THROUGH THE NIGHT... THEN...



I GOT HIM!

WELL, I'LL BE DOGGONED! IT'S JUANITO! FAGIN'S KID!

SI, SI! JUANITO MUCHO ORO, EH?



IT WAS A FURIOUS MOB THAT SHOVED JUANITO INTO FAGIN'S TENT. FAGIN APPEARED TO BE UTTERLY SURPRISED.

WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT, THE DIRTY LITTLE THIEF'S BEEN HIDING THE GOLD RIGHT HERE UNDER HIS BLANKET!



WE TOO, THOUGHT IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE

BUT

THANKS TO THE

BRANDENFELS

HOME SYSTEM

Our Hair Grew Again!



LOOK

WHAT BRANDENFELS DID FOR US!

We Used His Scientific Home Course of Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage

- 1** DON NAGLE, ex-army sgt., shows how he looked before and during use of Brandenfels. He says, "As you can see, fine hair is filling in where it has been sparse for years."
- 2** ELTON BEERBOWER, drama student, shows he was totally bald. After use of Brandenfels, Eldon gets "crew cuts" now. Hopes for television career.
- 3** FRANCES HARRIS, overseas radio/telephone operator, proves her hair roots were alive and REGREW HAIR! Women, too, use Brandenfels' system successfully.
- 4** AL LIEFSON, grocery store owner, holding "before" picture. "My wife says I look years younger since my hair grew again."

DETAILED MEDICAL RECORDS SUPPORT THIS PHOTOGRAPHIC PROOF OF HAIR GROWING AGAIN!

EXCLUSIVE! THESE FIRST PICTURES POSITIVELY PROVE HAIR ROOTS CAN BE ALIVE IN BALD SCALPS

Bald Men and Women Volunteered for Brandenfels' Clinical Research Project Conducted by Medical Doctors

PICTURES (a) & (b) SHOW PROCEDURE USED IN THE WORLD'S FIRST RESEARCH PROJECT BENEATH THE SCALP!

- (a) SURGICAL INCISION—tissue section removed from scalp for microscopic analysis on the test group only.
- (b) MICROSCOPIC PHOTOGRAPH of tissue section PROVES hair roots CAN BE ALIVE but not producing hair!

BY CERTIFIED COUNT over 19,000 Letters of Praise from Brandenfels users report from one to All these Wonderful Benefits:

- Renewed Hair Growth
- Relief from Ugly Dandruff Scale
- Less Excessively Falling Hair
- Improved Scalp Conditions

Carl Brandenfels does not guarantee to grow new hair for not every user has grown new hair. He EMPHATICALLY BELIEVES his Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage will help bring about a more healthy scalp condition that in many cases helps nature grow hair.

DON'T WAIT ANY LONGER

This NEW DISCOVERY plus SENSATIONAL RESULTS received by so many thousands of people offers YOU exciting new hope! If YOU have excessively falling hair, ugly dandruff scale, tight, itching scalp, rapidly receding hair line or baldness ... Send the Coupon to Me at Once! It may be possible for you to improve your condition NOW! (Airmail reaches me overnight at St. Helens, Oregon.)

Paratrooper GROWS HAIR!



"Nothing worked until I used Brandenfels"

Sgt. Matthew Jonas
112 E. 7th Street
New York, New York

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YUH UNGRATEFUL, MURDERIN' LITTLE BRAT! I OUGHTA BREAK YORE DIRTY LITTLE NECK!

BUT, SENOR! SENOR!



I SAY STRING THE THEVIN' COYOTE RIGHT NOW! RECKON I'M TUH BLAME FER TAKIN' HIM IN!

RECKON YUH WAS, FAGIN. ANYHOW, LET'S GET AT IT! I'LL GET A ROPE TUH-GETHER!



I SAY NO! WHATEVER THE KID DID WAS BECAUSE OF A MIS-UNDERSTANDIN'! I'D SWEAR HE SEEMED PROUD OF WHAT HE WAS DOIN' WHEN WE CAUGHT HIM!

THAT'S RIGHT, FRED... AS IF HE WERE DOING US A FAVOR.



WELL, HE IS ONLY A YOUNG 'UN! BUT DAD BLAST IT, HE OUGHTA GIT WHIPPED AT LEAST!

AND BY THUNDER I WANT TO BE THE ONE TUH DO THE LASHIN'!



IF YOU HAVE TO, YOU'D BETTER WAIT TILL MORNIN'. WHY NOT TIE THE KID AND KEEP GUARD OVER HIM?

MIGHTY FUNNY TUH ME, THE WAY YUH STAND UP FER THAT THERE THIEF! SHORE YUH AIN'T BACK OF HIS THEVIN'?



IF YOU'RE STARTING ACCUSATIONS, FAGIN, DON'T FORGET IN WHOSE TENT THE GOLD WAS FOUND! I SAY WE SHOULD HOLD THE BOY TILL MORNING!

OKAY... OKAY! MAYBE I ~~WAS~~ A BIT LOOSE WITH MY TALK!

SO EVENTUALLY THE MINERS
DECIDED TO TIE JUANITO UP
AND WAIT UNTIL MORNING TO
BEAT HIM. TWO MEN STOOD
GUARD OUTSIDE...



AND AT THE BACK OF THE TENT



JUANITO!!! SH-H-H-H! COME
...YOUR ROPES ARE CUT!



THERE WAS PLENTY
OF HARD FEELING
ABOUT JUANITO'S
ESCAPE, MOST OF IT
LEVELED AGAINST
BIRCH AND WAYNE.
NO ONE GUESSED
WHAT HAD REALLY
HAPPENED, HOWEVER
THINGS QUIETED
DOWN AFTER A
WHILE... THE
THEFTS STOPPED



BUT FAGIN'S CLAIM
PRODUCED LESS AND
LESS...



ONE
DAY...

YOU KNOW,
FAGIN, I SAW
JUANITO IN
TOWN. HE RAN!

WE AIN'T SEEN
THE LAST OF
HIM! THE
@!!#☆☆??

LOOK,
BILL!
LET'S
GO...

THAT
NIGHT...



WHA...

FIGURED YOU'D
TRY AGAIN, FAGIN!
REACH

SOON THE CAMP WAS IN A TURMOIL...

SO HERE IS THE
KILLER... THIEF!
WELL, THE ROPE'LL
FIT HIS NECK, TOO!

HOLD IT AN HOUR!
THERE'S A BOY THAT
OUGHTA SEE THIS. A
LITTLE MEXICAN. HE'S
HIDING OUT WITH MY
SISTER IN TOWN!



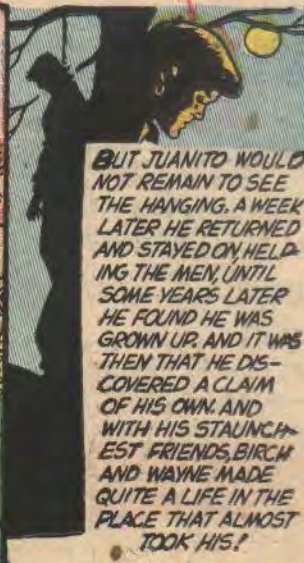
AN HOUR LATER BIRCH RETURNED
WITH JUANITO. WHAT BIRCH HAD
TOLD FAGIN WAS NOT STRICTLY
A LIE, AND IT HAD STARTED FAGIN
SCHEMING ONCE MORE... SCHEMING
RIGHT INTO A TRAP...

IT'S ONLY FAIR TUH
LET THE KID SLIP
THE NOOSE, EH BOYS!

NO,
...NO,
NO!



BUT JUANITO WOULD
NOT REMAIN TO SEE
THE HANGING. A WEEK
LATER HE RETURNED
AND STAYED ON, HELD
ING THE MEN, UNTIL
SOME YEARS LATER
HE FOUND HE WAS
GROWN UP, AND IT WAS
THEN THAT HE DIS-
COVERED A CLAIM
OF HIS OWN. AND
WITH HIS STAUNCH-
EST FRIENDS, BIRCH
AND WAYNE MADE
QUITE A LIFE IN THE
PLACE THAT ALMOST
TOOK HIS!



THE END

CHEW IMPROVED FORMULA CHEWING GUM! REDUCE

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SUPPLY
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SENT ON APPROVAL — MAIL COUPON NOW!

SHE HAD BEAUTY, BRAINS AND COURAGE... BUT GREED MADE HER A...

KILLER IN SKIRTS

EVE! EVE, IS THAT YOU?
COME BACK HOME, HERE!
WHAT IS THE MEANING...
EVE! EVE!

SEEMS THE JUDGE
IS A MITE UPSET,
EVE!

HE'LL GET OVER IT! HE'LL
HAVE TO! BUT RIDE
BLAST IT, FRANK!
BEFORE HE SETS
A POSSE AFTER US!



BILL
DYSCOUNI

TO EVE PERRY
THE CIVIL WAR
HAD MEANT
ONLY EXCITE-
MENT, FOR
THE WILD,
SPIRITED
GIRL HAD RUN
MESSAGES
FOR BEN
CLAY, THE
CONFEDERATE
GUERRILLA.
NOW THAT
PEACE HAD
COME, THE
DAUGHTER
OF ELDERLY
JUDGE PERRY
SOUGHT A
NEW FORM
OF
EXCITEMENT...

I PRONOUNCE YOU
MAN AND WIFE!



EVE'S ELOPE-
MENT WAS A
CRUEL BLOW
TO THE JUDGE,
FOR HE HAD
AMBITIONS
FOR HIS
SEVENTEEN-
YEAR-OLD
DAUGHTER.
BUT TO EVE
IT WAS ONLY
A
BEGINNING...

NOW THAT
WE'RE
MARRIED,
WHAT WILL WE DO
FOR MONEY, DEAR?

YU'LL SEE, EVE...
ANOTHER DAY,
MAYBE TWO...



FRANK BAKER, THE BRIDEGROOM, HAD BEEN A CLAY GUERRILLA. HE KNEW THE NORTH TEXAS TERRITORY LIKE A BOOK. TWO NIGHTS LATER...

TAKE THIS, HONEY, AN' DON'T BE AFRAID TUH USE IT!

DON'T WORRY!



EASY, HONEY, WE'LL RUSH IT! THE DOOR'S PART OPEN!



GET YORE HANDS UP, BOTH OF YUH! NOW TELL ME WHERE YUH HIDE THAT GOLD YUH BEEN HOARDIN' ALL THESE YEARS!

WHITE WOLF HAVE NO GOLD! WHITE WOLF POOR MAN! HUNT, TRAP...



DAD BLAST YUH! DON'T LIE TUH ME! I KNOW YUH BEEN HOARDIN' GOLD HERE FER YEARS! SO DO PLENTY OTHERS!

O-W-W-W-W! NO...NO!



WHERE IS IT, YUH HEAR? WHERE? WHERE?

OW-W-W-W! OW-W-W-W! WHITE WOLF TELL! ME TELL!



YEAH! HERE IT IS, EVE! RIGHT BACK OF THESE FIREPLACE STONES!

GOOD! THEN WE DON'T NEED THESE TWO INDIANS ANYMORE!



YUH LEARN FAST, HONEY! YUH'LL BE A MIGHTY GOOD WIFE FER ME! NOW LET'S GIT!

RIGHT, FRANK! GUESS THESE TWO WON'T GROW ANY DEADER THAN THEY ARE!



THEY RODE ALL NIGHT AND SLEPT OUT IN THE HILLS THE NEXT DAY. THEN, THE FOLLOWING NIGHT...



HOW YUH LIKE THIS PILE, HONEY? IT'S MORE'N THIRTY THOUSAND!

THIRTY THOUSAND!! WE'RE RICH!!

IT'S ENOUGH TO BUY A RANCH, STOCK IT WITH HORSES! THAT WILL SHOW DAD YOU'RE NOT THE BUM HE THINKS!

WHA...YUH MEAN A LEGAL BUSINESS? YUH, CRAZY, HONEY? YUH MEAN A...A BUSINESS WHERE YUH GOT TO WORK AT IT?



NO ONE WONDERED MUCH ABOUT THE MURDERED INDIAN AND HIS SQUAW. AND IN TIME...

"SINCE NO ONE WORRIES ABOUT MURDERED INDIANS, WHO WILL WORRY ABOUT THEIR STOLEN HORSES?" EVE ASKED. SO FRANK BAKER CULLED A GANG FROM CLAY'S GUERRILLAS...



WELL, THERE'S YORE RANCH! BUT I STILL AINT GOT NO STOMACH FER IT!

SILLY! WHO WANTS YOU TO! I'VE A GREAT IDEA! LISTEN!



AND SO BUSINESS WAS BEGUN...

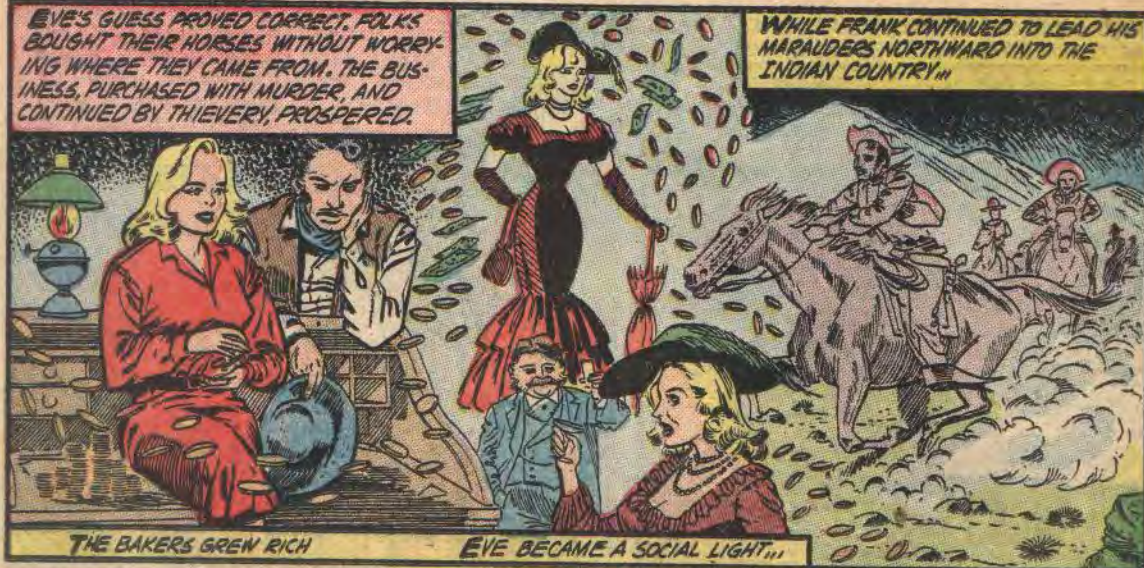
YOU KEEP BRINGING THE HORSES IN, HONEY, AND I'LL SELL 'EM. WAS I RIGHT ABOUT THE RANCH?

BY THUNDER, YUH WAS RIGHT AS RAIN, EVE!



EVER'S GUESS PROVED CORRECT. FOLKS BOUGHT THEIR HORSES WITHOUT WORRYING WHERE THEY CAME FROM. THE BUSINESS, PURCHASED WITH MURDER, AND CONTINUED BY THIEVERY, PROSPERED.

WHILE FRANK CONTINUED TO LEAD HIS MARAUDERS NORTHWARD INTO THE INDIAN COUNTRY...



THE BAKERS GREW RICH

EVE BECAME A SOCIAL LIGHT...

THEN ONE AFTERNOON ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE MILES NORTH OF THE BAKER RANCH...

THAT NIGHT, AT THE BAR-Q RANCH...



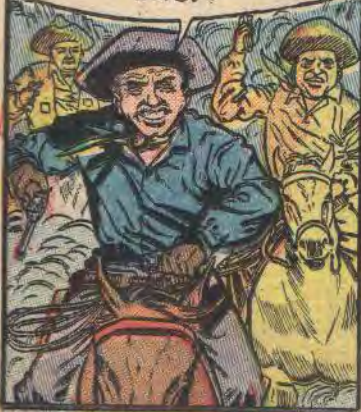
IT WAS NEAR SUCCESS, BUT TOM CUSTER, OWNER OF THE BAR-Q HEARD THE COMMOTION AND GOT HIS MEN TOGETHER IN A HURRY...

THE FAINT MOON WAS JUST BRIGHT ENOUGH TO GET IN A FEW SHOTS. AND FRANK BAKER HAD THE MOST ARMED MEN. CUSTER AND HIS MEN WERE PRACTICALLY AMBUSHED...

SOON THE DARKNESS AND THE RUGGED COUNTRY SWALLOWED THE KILLERS...

IT'S FRANK BAKER AND HIS #6 & #7! HOSS THIEVES. GIVE IT TO 'EM, BOYS!

HIGHTAIL IT BOYS! THEY WON'T BOTHER US NONE!



THEY HID IN THE NORTHWESTERN
MASTES OF TEXAS. A WEEK LATER...

YUH BETTER RIDE BACK
TUH EVE, WHITEY. TELL
HER I'LL BE HIDIN' OUT
A SPELL. FIND OUT
WHAT YUH CAN. AN'
TRAVEL BY NIGHT.

YEAH,
OKAY,
FRANK.



IT TOOK ALMOST A WEEK TO REACH
THE RANCH. WHITEY WAITED UNTIL
NIGHT, THEN CALLED ON THE HOUSE...

SO HE SENDS HIS REGARDS,
EH, WHITEY? THE G...! FOOL!
HE HAD A GOLDMINE IN HIS
HANDS AND THREW IT
AWAY!... WELL, HE CAN
STAY IN THE HILLS! IF HE
COMES THIS WAY I'LL
FILL HIM WITH LEAD!

UH... Y...
YES...
MA'AM.
...



BUT WHITEY, I DO NEED
SOMEONE HERE... IF YOU
WANT TO RAISE A BAND
OF MEN, I'LL MAKE YOU
A PARTNER!

UH...
GOLLY
EVE! YUH
MEAN IT?

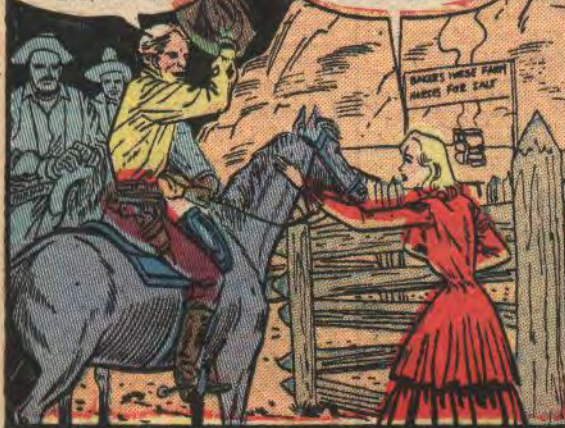
I'M SURE WE CAN GET
ALONG FINE! HOW ABOUT
IT, WHITEY?!



SO WHITEY CROWE SCoured THE HILLS, SCRAPED UP THE
DREGS OF NORTH TEXAS... MEN WHO WERE HIDING OUT
FROM THE ARIZONA LAW...

WELL, WE'RE OFF,
EVE, MA'AM.

GOODBYE, DARLING!
GOOD LUCK!



AND SO THE TIME PASSED AND MONEY CONTINUED TO
ROLL IN. AND EVE BAKER'S PRESTIGE CONTINUED TO RISE,

MY DEAR, YOU MUST MEET
COUNT GUSTAVE! HE ON
TOUR, AND CAME TONIGHT.
JUST TO MEET YOU!

A CONTINENT IS NOTHING
TO TRAVEL TO FIND SUCH
BEAUTY AND CHARM!



IT WAS THE DAY AFTER MEETING COUNT GUSTAVE
THAT WHITEY CROWE RETURNED FROM THE NORTH
WITH A HERD OF HORSES...

YES...? WHAT IS
IT, WHITEY?

JUST WANT TO REMIND YOU, EVE.
IT'S BEEN A YEAR MA'AM... AND I
AIN'T SEEN NO SIGN OF A PART-
NERSHIP. MAYBE YUH FORGOT...



IN A SUDDEN RAGE OF FURY, EVE YANKED A POSTER
FROM HER DESK DRAWER...

OH, YOU WANT A
PARTNERSHIP, DO YOU!
LOOK AT THAT WHITEY
CROWE! WANTED
FOR MURDER!
THEY MIGHT GET
ONE OUT ON YOU
IF I SAY THE
WORD!

NOW GET BACK TO WORK, YOU
SLOBBERING FOOL. AND DON'T
FORGET WHERE YOU'RE WELL
OFF!



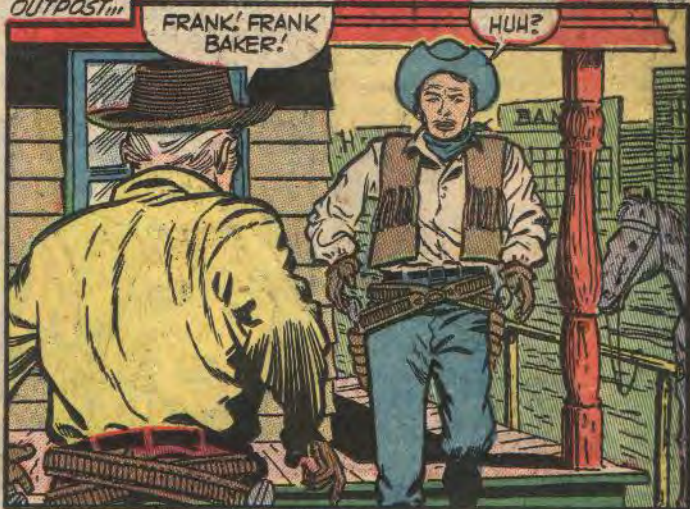
SO SHE CROSSED ME UP, EH? SHOULD A KNOWN BETTERN TRUST A FEMALE. BUT SHE GIVE ME A IDEA, A REAL GOOD IDEA!



WHITEY DID NOT RETURN TO WORK, BUT RODE FOR THE NORTH. HE SPENT A WEEK ASKING, PICKING UP TRAIL, THEN ONE DAY IN A SMALL OUTPOST...

FRANK! FRANK BAKER!

HUH?



SO I AIN'T A PARDNER, EH? WELL, I'M FIFTEEN HUNDRED RICHER, ANYWAY!

BANG BANG



WHITEY CROWE SLUNG BAKER'S BODY OVER HIS HORSE. THE WARRANT WAS A FEDERAL ONE. SO HE TOOK THE BODY TO THE NEAREST FORT.

YOU'LL GET THE REWARD, ALL RIGHT, IF YOU CAN GET SOMEONE WHO CAN POSITIVELY IDENTIFY HIM!

HUH? HO-HO, WHY SHORE! GET HIS WIFE! SHE'LL IDENTIFY HIM!



THE COMMANDING OFFICER SENT FOR EVE. SHE CAME... AND HER PULSES POUNDED. IF SHE COULD SEE FOR CERTAIN THAT IT WAS FRANK, SHE'D BE FREE! WHEN SHE HAD SATISFIED HERSELF, SHE TURNED TO THE OFFICER...

MR. CROW HAS KILLED THE WRONG MAN, OFFICER. I NEVER SAW THE DEAD MAN BEFORE IN MY LIFE!

WHAT!...



YUH DIRTY LIAR! YUH DIRTY ROTTEN LIAR!

EEE ARGGH

STOP THAT CRAZY FOOL!

BANG BANG BANG



BANG!

BAM!

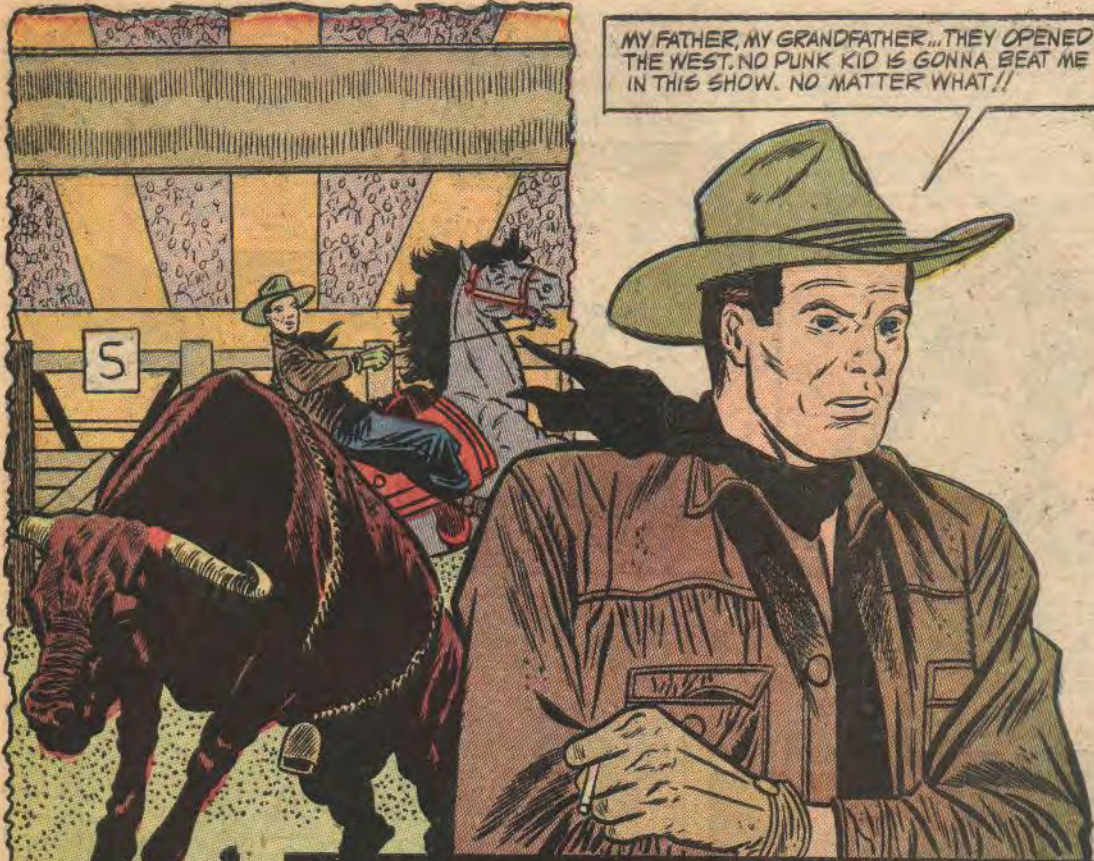
BAM!

BAM!

AND SO DROPS THE CURTAIN ON THE SAGA OF EVE BAKER, SELFISH AND VIOLENT TO THE END. NO FRIEND EVER CAME TO HER LONELY GRAVE. ONLY AN OLD GRIEVING JUDGE, WHO REMEMBERED HER AS SHE MIGHT HAVE BEEN.



THE END.



MY FATHER, MY GRANDFATHER... THEY OPENED THE WEST. NO PUNK KID IS GONNA BEAT ME IN THIS SHOW. NO MATTER WHAT!!

LUKE TAYLOR WAS RIDING TO A PHOTO FINISH WITH ABE CREW FOR TOP HONORS IN THE NATIONAL RODEO CIRCUIT. LUKE DIDN'T LIKE ABE EITHER. BUT THERE WAS AN EVEN STRONGER REASON WHY HE HAD SWORN HE WOULD BE THIS YEARS....

RODEO CHAMP

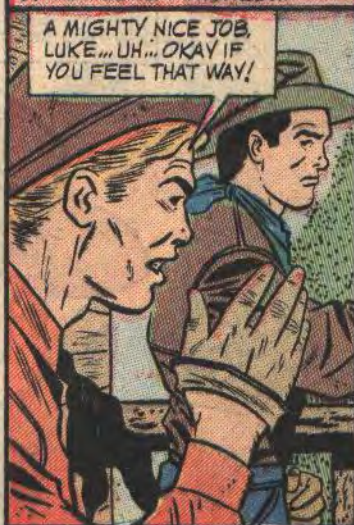


LUKE'S PERFORMANCE IN THE SADDLE WAS A WORK OF ART. THE CROWD ROARED ITS APPROVAL AS THE ANIMAL BUCKED AND HIGH-ROLLED. LUKE HAD THE FEELING THAT HE WAS ON HIS WAY TO WINNING IF HIS LUCK HELD OUT FOR THE REST OF THE DAY...



WHEN LUKE FINISHED...

A MIGHTY NICE JOB, LUKE... UH... OKAY IF YOU FEEL THAT WAY!



LUKE SAW THE REAL REASON FOR WANTING TO WIN THE CHAMPIONSHIP. SHE WAS STANDING BY, WAITING FOR HER ACT TO GO ON. NAN KENNEDY WAS ONE OF THE GIRLS IN THE TRICK RIDING ACT...

HI, NAN! HOPE MY OTHER RIDES GO OFF LIKE THE LAST ONE.

OH, LUKE!



OH, I HOPE YOU DO WIN, FOR YOUR SAKE, LUKE! YOU WERE WONDERFUL IN YOUR SADDLE BRONC RIDING! SIMPLY MARVELOUS!

I'D FEEL A LOT BETTER IF MY TOUGHEST COMPETITION WASN'T COMING FROM AN HOMBRE OFF A DUDE RANCH.



MY FATHER, MY GRANDFATHER... YES MY GREAT-GRANDAD, ALL OF THEM! THEY OPENED THE WEST, NAN! AND THEY KEPT IT OPEN! BUT CREW!... WHERE DOES HE COME FROM? A DUDE RANCH IN THE EAST! BAH!



I COME FROM AN EASTERN RANCH, LUKE. THE SAME RANCH AS ABE CREW CAME FROM.

I CAN'T ARGUE, NAN. I JUST CAN'T. WITH YOU IT'S DIFFERENT!



HE COULDN'T TELL HER HOW DIFFERENT IT WAS WITHOUT TELLING HER HIS PLANS. NAN HAD COME WITH HIS SHOW FROM ONE OF THE SMALLER SHOWS OF THE CIRCUIT. AND IN ALL HIS THIRTY-ONE YEARS HE'D NEVER GIVEN WOMEN A SECOND THOUGHT... UNTIL NAN CAME... BUT NOW...

LUKE WAS TENSE AS THE CHUTE OPENED FOR THE BAREBACK BRONC EXHIBITION. AND HE HOPED AGAINST HOPE THAT SOMEONE... ANYONE MIGHT WIN IT, EXCEPT ABE CREW. BUT JOE STREICHER WASN'T GOING TO HELP. HE SAW THAT AT ONCE...



I'VE GOT TO WIN TODAY! I'VE GOT TO!



AND HE SAW ONE AFTER THE OTHER LEAVE THOSE WILD BRONCS AND FLY THROUGH THE AIR. THEN ABE CREW CAME OUT AND LUKE KNEW ABE WOULD STAY THE TEN SECONDS REQUIRED.



WHEN ABE CREW FINALLY LEFT HIS MOUNT, IT WAS ONLY AFTER HE HAD STAYED ALMOST A RECORD TIME ABOARD THE HURRICANE DECK. HE CHARTERED A NEAT TWELVE SECONDS. LUKE TAYLOR BIT HIS LIP WISHED HE HAD REGISTERED FOR THE BAREBACK EVENT. FOR ABE CREW HAD WON!

LUKE WATCHED ALMOST WITHOUT SEEING. NAN WAS IN HER ACT NOW, BUT LUKE TAYLOR'S MIND WAS CALCULATING POINTS. SO FAR AS HE COULD RECKON, HE AND CREW WERE ABOUT EVEN. HE'D HAVE TO MAKE HIS RIDE ON THE BRAHMA BULL STICK OUT TO HOLD HIS OWN...



SUDDENLY A HAND ON HIS SHOULDER BROKE INTO LUKE'S REVERIE...

YEAH? WHAT IS IT, CREW?

I KNOW YOU DON'T LIKE ME, LUKE. I KNOW YOU DON'T THINK I BELONG HERE. BUT I'M RIDING TO WIN. STILL I'M NOT GOING TO BE SORE IF YOU WIN, EITHER. WITH ME A FEW POINTS ONE WAY OR THE OTHER SHOULDN'T MAKE AN ENEMY!!



LUKE TAYLOR TURNED AND WALKED OFF. HE WANTED TO SOCK CREW, WANTED TO SHOUT AT HIM. HOW COULD CREW KNOW WHAT IT ALL MEANT?

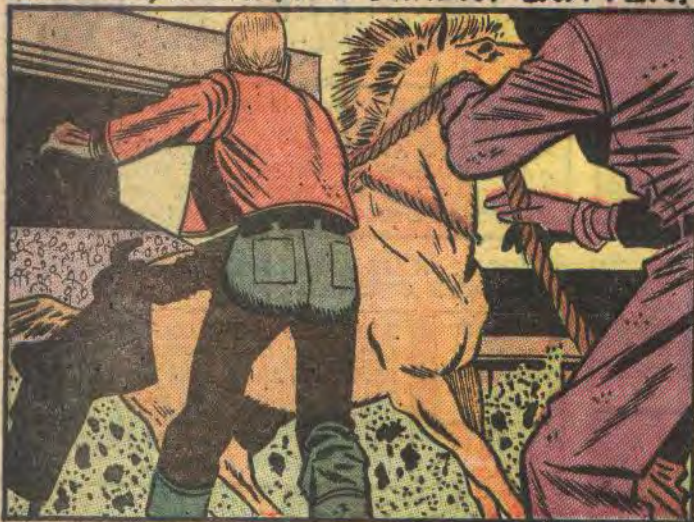
HOW COULD HE KNOW... HOW COULD NAN KNOW... HOW MUCH IT MEANS TO WIN THE CHAMPIONSHIP? NAN DESERVES NOTHING **BUT** A CHAMPION... AND IF I DON'T WIN, HOW CAN I ASK HER TO MARRY ME?



TAYLOR COULDN'T KEEP AWAY FROM THE WILD HORSE RACE, EVEN IF HE HATED ABE CREW. CREW WAS IN THAT RACE TOO. IF HE WON THAT ONE!... HE SAW THE WILD MUSTANGS RACE OUT... HATING THEIR CAPTIVITY... LOOKING FOR ESCAPE...



HOLD ON, THERE, YOU ORNERY CRITTER!

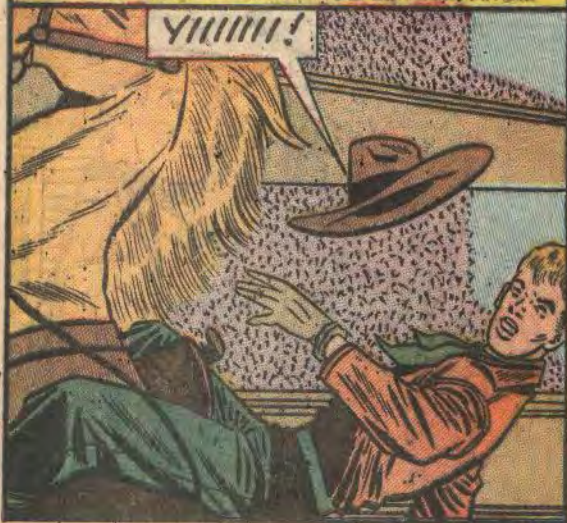


ABE CREW WAS FIRST TO SADDLE. BUT HE WAS NOT FAR AHEAD. AND THE HORSE HE HAD DRAWN WAS MEAN...

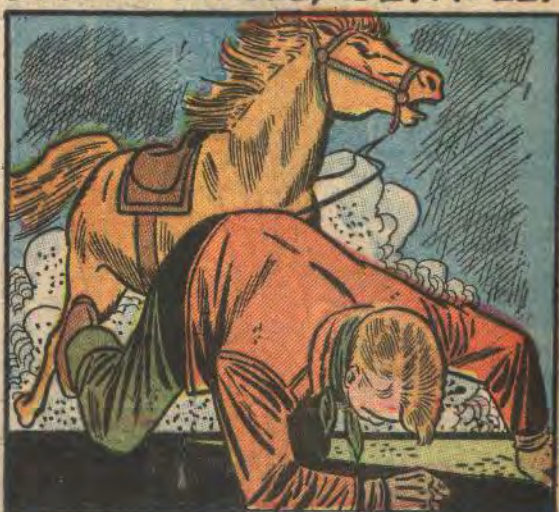


SUDDENLY ABE CREW'S HORSE LUNGED, AND...

YIIIIII!



LOOK OUT! ROLL, ABE! ROLL!



LUKE DIDN'T WANT IT TO END THAT WAY, BUT HE LISTENED EAGERLY WHEN THE DOCTOR RAISED HIS HEAD AFTER EXAMINING ABE CREW...

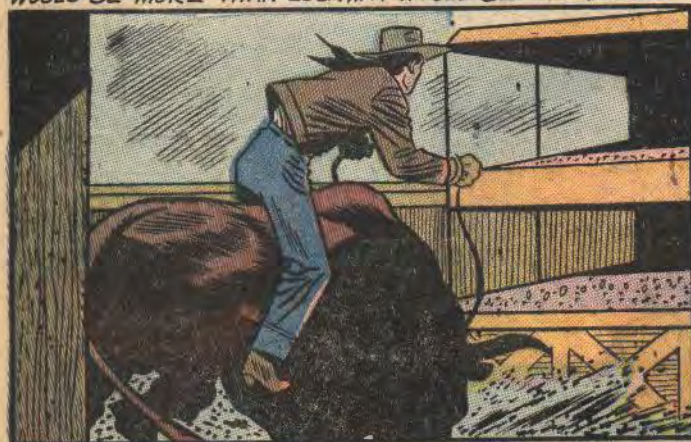
BROKEN COLLAR BONE. WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM TO THE HOSPITAL.



I SURE WOULDN'T WANT ABE TO BE MESSED UP PERMANENTLY. BUT... A BROKEN COLLAR BONE... WELL! NOW IF I HAVE LUCK ON THE BRAHAMA BULL!



LUKE DREW AN EXTRA MEAN ANIMAL OF THE MEANEST OF ALL RODEO BEASTS, THE BRAHAMA BULLS. THE ENRAGED BEAST SNORTED ITS FURY AS IT CLEARED THE CHUTE, AND LUKE KNEW THAT IF HE COULD STAY ON FOR TEN SECONDS, IT WOULD BE MORE THAN LUCK... IT WOULD BE A MIRACLE...



HE DIDN'T KNOW WHY HE STAYED ON. THE ROARING BULL WAS DOING ALL IT COULD TO GET HIM OFF. LUKE HELD HIS BREATH AND COUNTED SILENTLY... AND EACH FIFTH OF A SECOND BECAME AN ETERNITY...



LUKE TAYLOR HAD A VAGUE SENSE OF REALIZATION THAT HE HAD STAYED WITH THE SNORTING DEVIL AS LONG AS ANY MAN COULD... BUT HE HIT THE GROUND SUDDENLY. HIS WIND MOMENTARILY KNOCKED OUT OF HIM...



FOR JUST A SECOND OF TIME HE BLACKED OUT. AND WHEN HE CAME TO HE SAW DEATH CHARGING AT HIM IN SNORTING FURY...



HIS ACTIONS WERE AUTOMATIC. SOMETHING OUTSIDE OF HIS CONSCIOUSNESS TOLD HIM WHAT TO DO.



ALL AT ONCE IT WAS OVER AND THE CROWD WAS CHEERING AS LUKE GOT TO HIS FEET.



AS HE CAME OFF THE FIELD THE RODEO MANAGER MET HIM...

I GUESS YOU'RE THE CHAMP, LUKE. THE REPORTS AREN'T OFFICIAL, BUT NO ONE WAS EVEN CLOSE TO YOU'RE RECORD, EXCEPT ABE CREW... AND HE'S OUT...

IT'S GOOD TO HEAR... ER... SAY YOU HAVEN'T SEEN NAN AROUND... HAVE YOU?



SHE'S GONE TO THE HOSPITAL TO SEE HOW ABE'S COMING. SHE WAS PRETTY WORRIED.



HE COULDN'T WAIT TO TELL NAN. SO HE RUSHED TO THE HOSPITAL. WHEN HE GOT THERE HE FOUND HER IN THE WAITING ROOM...

OH, LUKE! THEY'VE JUST SET ABE'S SHOULDER! HE'LL BE OKAY! DO YOU HEAR, LUKE! OH, THANK HEAVENS!

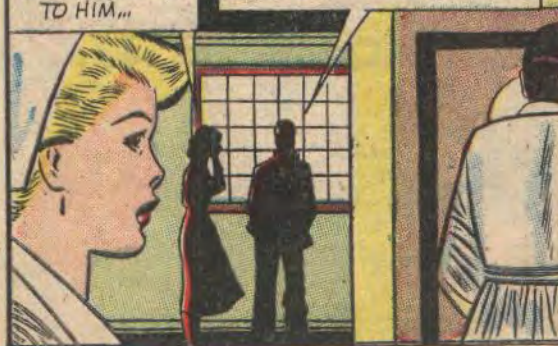
YOU MEAN...



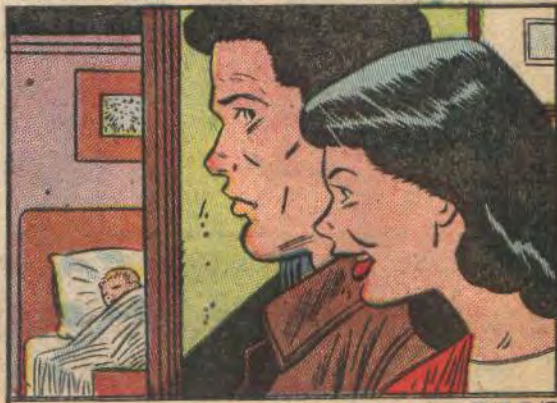
SUDDENLY LUKE FELT THE FULL WEIGHT OF HIS YEARS. YES, HE FELT VERY OLD INDEED. WHAT RIGHT HAD HE TO BE THINKING OF... HADN'T HE ALWAYS SAID A GOOD HORSE WAS WORTH A DOZEN WOMEN? BESIDES, NAN WAS CRYING...

OH, LUKE... IF ANYTHING HAD HAPPENED TO HIM...

YEAH. I'VE BEEN PRETTY ROUGH ON THE KID. WE'LL GO SEE HIM TOGETHER.



EVENTUALLY THEY WERE ALLOWED TO GO INTO ABE'S ROOM. LUKE KNEW HE WOULDN'T STAY VERY LONG. FOR HE SAW FROM THE LIGHT IN NAN'S FACE THAT ABE WAS HER MAN. BUT HE WANTED TO SET THINGS STRAIGHT BETWEEN ABE AND HIMSELF BEFORE HE LEFT THE HOSPITAL. A CHAMPION WOULD HAVE TO DO THAT!



PRACTICALLY A GIFT TO YOU!

Send only 25¢ for all of these

150 BRITISH EMPIRE STAMPS



ABOVE: Cat boat scene from little-known Cayman Islands in British West Indies

LEFT: Stamp from Tanganyika, African land of pygmies and headhunters



Falkland Islands stamp, from the only post office in the Antarctic Circle



Pitcairn Islands—the island group first settled by the famous Fletcher Christian and the other mutineers from the H.M.S. Bounty. Descendants of the mutineers still live there!

**Guaranteed Worth More Than
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**Start or Add to Your Collection with
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Just imagine . . . a big packet of exciting stamps from strange, little-known places in all corners of the world . . . guaranteed Standard Stamp Catalog value at least \$3.00 . . . **ALL YOURS** for only 25¢! Just a few of the beautiful, unusual stamps are shown here. Get others from far-away possessions like South Africa, New Zealand, Australia, India, many more! The fine start of a wonderful collection . . . or if you're now collecting stamps, this big British Empire group is a prized addition! Best of all . . . this over-\$3.00 value is yours for only 25¢ . . . almost a **GIFT!** We'll include **FREE** the fascinating, valuable "Stamp Collector's Manual". **IMPORTANT:** Supplies of this remarkable stamp group are definitely limited—so you must **ACT AT ONCE**. Mail the coupon plus 25¢—**TODAY!** We'll also include other exceptional values for your inspection. If coupon has been clipped, write direct to:

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Kenmore Stamp Co., Dept. YH-298
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Rush me valuable 150 British Empire stamps (worth over \$3.00) and **FREE** "Stamp Collector's Manual"—with other special offers for my inspection. I enclose 25¢ to help cover expense.

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Tell Me What You Want Money For ... I'LL HELP YOU GET ALL YOU NEED!

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What do YOU want that money will buy? Whether it's new clothes, sporting equipment, household appliances, or anything else ... just check the coupon, I'll show you how you can earn all the money you need, quickly and easily, taking orders for STUART Greeting Cards! And I'll send you everything you need to start earning right away.

YOU DON'T NEED EXPERIENCE!

It takes no special skill to sell a complete assortment of beautiful new Birthday and other Greeting Cards—a generous supply for year 'round use—for just \$1.00. This exciting bargain really *sells itself*. All you do is show it to friends and neighbors and you keep up to HALF the price as your cash profit! Say you want anything that costs \$50.00. Sell only 100 boxes and you've got the money! Folks will also want our exciting new Gift Items, Stationery, Gift Wrappings and the other fast-sellers in our big line. They help you earn still more easy money!

GET MONEY-MAKING KIT ON FREE TRIAL!

See for yourself how easy it is to get the money for anything you want. Check the coupon and mail it now. I'll send you a complete kit of samples including fast-selling assortments on FREE TRIAL and full facts on how to reach your goal fast. Don't delay. Act TODAY!



MR. B. J. STUART
President of Stuart Greetings,
Has Helped Thousands Make
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SEE HOW WELL OTHERS HAVE DONE!



This is the easiest and most dignified way to earn money for Scout camp. Christmas presents and spending money in general. P.E., New York

I made \$21.75 in approximately 3 hours one afternoon. Everyone just loves these beautiful greeting cards and it's so easy to show and sell them.
C.R.P., North Carolina



STUART GREETINGS, INC.

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RUSH COUPON FOR FREE TRIAL KIT!

Mr. B. J. Stuart, STUART GREETINGS
325 W. Randolph St., Dept. 626, Chicago 6, Ill.

Dear Mr. Stuart: I've checked off what I want money for:

- ☐ Sporting Equipment
- ☐ New Clothes
- ☐ Team Uniforms
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- ☐ Portable Radio
- ☐

Please rush full facts on how to make the money, and sample kit of assortments ON FREE TRIAL.

Name.....

Address.....

City & Zone..... State.....

(If for a club, give its name below.)

In 10 Minutes of **FUN** a day I changed myself

Now, Buddy YOU

Mail the
Coupon below
as I did!
May be **LAST**
CHANCE be-
fore \$1 price
goes back!

GET ALL THESE
PICTURE-
PACKED
COURSES

5
FREE

If you mail
coupon NOW!

Millions
have
been sold
at \$1.

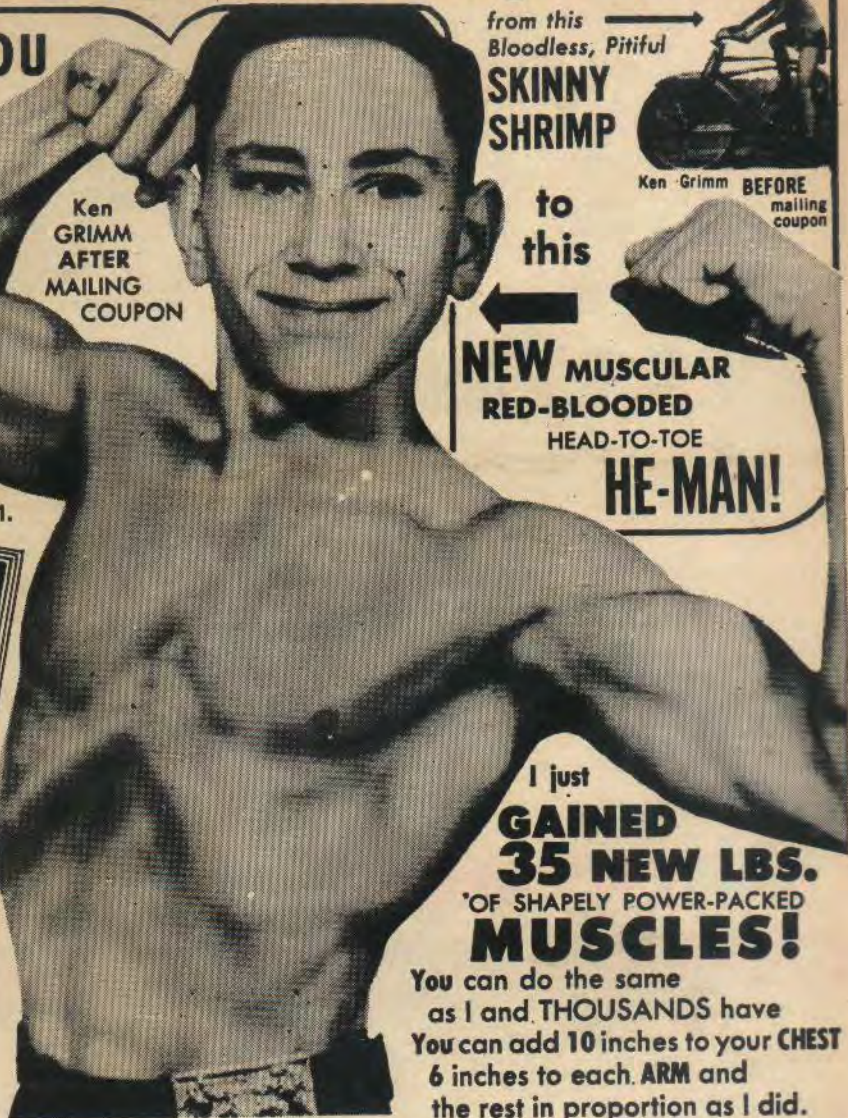
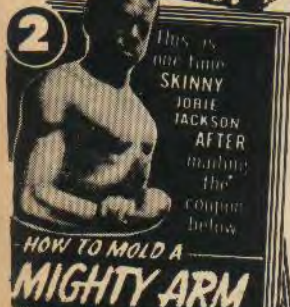
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NEW MUSCULAR
RED-BLOODED
HEAD-TO-TOE
HE-MAN!



I just
GAINED
35 NEW LBS.
OF SHAPELY POWER-PACKED
MUSCLES!

You can do the same
as I and **THOUSANDS** have
You can add 10 inches to your **CHEST**
6 inches to each **ARM** and
the rest in proportion as I did.

NO! friend you don't have to be **SKINNY, WEAK** or **FLABBY** any more
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MAIL NOW! SAVES YOU YEARS and DOLLARS!

How I foxed the Navy

by Arthur Godfrey



The Navy almost scuttled me. I shudder to think of it. My crazy career could have ended right there. Who knows, I might still be bummung Chesterfields instead of selling them.

To be scuttled by the Navy you've either got to do something wrong or neglect to do something right. They've got you both ways. For my part, I neglected to finish high school.

Ordinarily, a man can get along without a high school diploma. Plenty of men have. But not in the Navy. At least not in the U. S. Navy Materiel School at Bellevue, D. C., back in 1929. In those days a bluejacket had to have a mind like Einstein's. And I didn't.

"Godfrey," said the lieutenant a few days after I'd checked in, "either you learn mathematics and learn it fast or out you go. I'll give you six weeks." This, I figured, was it. For a guy who had to take off his shoes to count

above ten, it was an impossible assignment.

I was ready to turn in my bell-bottoms. But an ad in a magazine stopped me. Here, it said, is your chance to get special training in almost any subject—mathematics included. I hopped on it. Within a week I was enrolled with the International Correspondence Schools studying algebra, geometry and trig for all I was worth.

Came week-end liberty, I studied. Came a holiday, I studied. Came the end of the six weeks, I was top man in the class. Within six weeks I had mastered two years of high school math, thanks to the training I'd gotten.

I.C.S. made the impossible—easy!

GET EXPERT GUIDANCE **2 FREE BOOKS**

Free, illustrated catalog on career that interests you. Also 36-page, pocket-size guide to advancement, "How to Succeed." Just mail the coupon!

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ICS

BOX 2447-C, SCRANTON 9, PENNA.

Without cost or obligation, send me "HOW TO SUCCEED" and the booklet about the course BEFORE which I have marked X:

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